cage under iron bars, were displayed the objects that Paula loved.

Loved with all her heart.

And with all her soul. . . .

Paula stood there transfixed with ecstasy.

THE NEW SISTER-IN-LAW OF THE ASTORS, MISS KATHERINE FORCE, SISTER OF THE NEW MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

One of the most popular girls in the younger set of New York. She is seen everywhere with Mrs. Astor.

She stood there—she knew not how long.

And then she became conscious that someone was standing beside her.

Someone was watching her.

Paula looked up.

She found herself facing a tall man wearing a green satin robe and a lavender silk turban.

Around his neck was a string of pearls.

In his turban was a clasp of pearls.

MRS. CRAIG BIDDLE OF PHILADELPHIA,

Who recently attracted the spotlight again by insisting on smoking cigarettes in the dining room of the Bellevue-Stratford. Other fashionables followed her example and the management is trying to decide what it is going to do about it, inasmuch as smoking is now permitted in so many of the hotels and restaurants in New York.

And in his eyes—was a strange expression. . . . . .

"I am the Rajah of Raboda," said the man.

"Oh!" said the woman.

"These pearls are mine," said the man.

"They are marvelous!" said the woman.

"You like pearls?" said the man.

MISS MARIAN KENNEDY AND THE QUEEN OF PRIZE WINNING POM PUPS, "POMERIA BUTTERCUP."

"I—love—them!" said the woman.

It really was a strange thing that Paula had not made a more advantageous marriage than she had done.

Her husband was not of much account.

And Paula was—quite a beauty,